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flander our character; and our sister kingdom will be made sensible that it is infinitely better to secure the heart of a generous friend, than to have the reluctant submission of a discontented slave. In the awful crisis of her affairs, we have taken our stand by her side, willing to share with her the danger and glory of the contest. Let us acquit ourselves with that spirit which is the characteristic of our nation. Let us shew our common enemy, that his attempts upon this country must be more vain than ever; for we have now additional motives to maintain our rights and liberties, in the conscious possession of a virtuous, independent parliament. Let our union be the union of interests and honor.—And may the connection upon these grounds, last for ever—may it prove a common benefit to both—and never be a stain or reproach to either!

HAMPDEN.

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TO THE  
EDITORS OF THE ANTI-UNION.

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All the World's a Stage!

SHAKESPEARE.

Calligat & redendo mores.

HAVING been one of the audience allured by the variety of surprising entertainments advertized in handbills to be presented on Tuesday Evening last, the 22d inst. at the Royal Circus in Foster Place, and finding no person has yet given any critique on the performances exhibited that night, I take up my pen to gratify the public curiosity, and satisfy those who could not procure places on that occasion.

Being an admirer of dramatic entertainments, and anxious for a good seat, I went at an early hour, and squeezed myself amidst the throng into the gallery, and found the house, what is dramatically called, a bumper: many beautiful women, equally excited by patriotism and the curiosity so peculiar to the charming sex, occupied the front rows of the boxes, kindly allowing the gentlemen (as there was hardly standing room) to press upon them, without complaining of any inconvenience, as all the ladies were interested about a Union that was to have Irish performers.

After a prologue, very well adapted to the occasion, (said to be written by an author famous for, and long in, the habits of that kind of composition) was recited by a most venerable and respectable performer. The celebrated piece, called the *Union; or, Ireland divided*, was then brought forward. I cannot say the plot was critically correct, but the incidents were admirably adapted

for stage effect;—some of the dialogue breathed a spirit of animated eloquence, brilliancy of fancy, and fire of patriotism, that would have done honour to Greece and Rome in their meridian splendor! As to the *unities of time and place*, the author, like *Shakspeare*, seems to have scorned the rules of the Stagyrite; for, during the representation, he not only transported the imagination, but the performers, from *Ireland to England*, and then back again, for purposes best known to himself, of which I must confess, I could neither see the propriety or necessity, as the *interest of the piece* was certainly confined to Ireland where the scene of action lay;—these absurdities, and the dismissal of some old excellent performers for refusing some disagreeable parts allotted them, they being much in favour of the public, *damned the piece completely*, though the managers were duped into a belief of its success, having had frequent rehearsals, and engaged more performers at a great salary, who assured them, as did the prompter, the piece would do; but it was received by the public with such marks of contempt and indignation, that when the curtain dropped, the author begged to withdraw it, promising not to hazard a second representation; thus, like the tragedy of *Vortigern*, palmed on the world as the production of our immortal bard, the *Union* was dismissed from the Irish stage for ever, unless the public called for another representation.

The after-piece, entitled *Patriotism*, met with the success and approbation it deserved, and was highly gratifying to the public.

The *tricks and deceptions* which promised so much entertainment were unworthy of the persons concerned, and too visible for legerdemain, to excite either surprise or admiration.

As to the performance of the *slack and tight rope*, the spectators were equally disappointed, from the puffs of the *play-bill*, (which was purchased with such avidity by the public). The next time such exhibitions are attempted, the managers ought to remove the preponderating weight of lead which evidently appeared at one end of the pole during the exhibition of the performers on the balance, and which occasioned so many falling to the ground.

But they kindly made us amends by the unexpected introduction of *animal magnetism*, which by the operation of the *tongue and motion of the hands*, produced an irresistible impulse on the audience, *throwing some into a profound sleep*, setting others *coughing*, and what is more surprising, gave such a voracious appetite to many, as to breed a famine in the coffee rooms, to which numbers adjourned during some part of the performance.

The young actor who was expected to leap through a

globe on fire, in the character of the *Castle Spectre*, failed in the attempt, and stuck in the middle, like *Mahomet* suspended between two loadstones; and though he was not precipitated like *Pilate-de-Rosier*, in a blaze from his baloon, and burnt to death, yet every one saw that he was most completely roasted.

The *equestrian exercise* at the UPPER END OF THE HOUSE concluded as was generally expected, the major part of that troop being well trained and thorough paced, particularly the *black and white robed conjurers*, who as high flyers and riding upon two or three saddles at a time, are at ease in every motion, knowing by experience the harder they gallop in the circle, the safer their position, and they can more easily *translate themselves* from one seat to another—one of that body, however, was deficient in such dexterity and was consequently *Down*. As to the other part of the troop they went round on one side with considerable velocity and leaped over garters while their eyes were fixed on the stars.

Signor *Parnelli*, though dismissed from the Orchestra, was too fond of antient Irish music not to be in the body of the house, and now and then during the chorus, gave a tune with his *counter* tenor, that drowned the best *base* voices.

I forgot to observe the introduction of *St. George*, as the *champion for England*, in the drama called the *Union*, was apposite enough, and in this instance, shewed a concatenation of ideas in the author, though it seemed very ungallant in the performer (which for old family reasons ought not to have happened) to *turn tail* on the heroine of the piece, called *Hibernia*, and to serve her as his name sake did the dragon; *St. Dennis* would not have behaved so. As to the character of *Caladonia* she was merely introduced as an attendant on *Britania* to carry on a counterplot, but like the gentle *Norah* in *Sheridan's* critic she only created derision.

Much more entertainment was given than the play bill announced: A provincial performer moved *Martini's* minute across the stage with rather an ill grace; however, he possesses the necessary assurance for the theatre, but we recommend it to the manager to be more attentive to *costume* and not to dress his first figurantes in *Cunnamara* stockings.

The young man who performed the *Castle Spectre*, after the failure we have already mentioned, endeavoured to regain his character by trying various feats of strength much beyond his prowess, and in an attempt to *pitch the bar* he hurt his fingers sorely and begged pardon of the house for his awkwardness: He even attempted a song and tried a parody composed by himself upon the popular air of *Sweet Robin*;—*Round Robin* was the burthen of this production, but it failed too, and he made a similar apology. The unfortunate boy was greatly mortified,

but no one pitied him—when a new performer in the character of a magician (and who seemed to bewitch the whole house) transformed the luckless youth into a *green and limber twig*, in which character he waved and flourished for the rest of the evening. The magician was performed by a Mr. Plunket who seemed to be a great favourite with the galleries, from its being supposed that he was a relation of their old friend Peg, but this we understand is a mistake. *The genius of Ireland* was done the greatest justice to by that steady and valuable performer Mr. Ponsonby—Mr. Egán who was expected to sing *Poor Jack* gave Paddy Whack *without variations* in a high stile—Mr. Callan we find has retired from the stage. In the new pantomime of *Avarice Punished* or the *Golden Dream*, the popular scene of the heavens at midnight was given—A young lad from Kerry acted the *Night*—with a few twinklings, he was dark enough, respectably gloomy, and decorously nocturnal. The allegorical personage of *Silence*, accompanied him, represented by a Dutch performer (his first performance in that character) Mr. *Van de Lure*—he sustained the part tolerably well, having uttered but one monosyllable, and that *very badly*.—*Old Toler* was sung by the performer who used to do justice to it; but he seemed out of tune, and ill at ease, and complained bitterly of the accompaniment.—A performer from Woodlawn, astonished the house by a *pas de deux*; he was great in the *entrechange*, and the more he danced, the more he could do. If the entertainment had lasted long enough, it is thought he would have cut fix. If these remarks on the performance are liked, you shall have more hereafter, from a

SPECTATOR.

P. S. I find the performer who played *St. George*, tho' his endeavours could not save the piece, has been rewarded as the *prime* instrument in supporting it.

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THE following Note was found on the Black-Rock road; it is supposed to have dropped from the writer's pocket, during a certain tottering in that quarter, last Tuesday se'nnight.

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To Mr. John Bull.

SIR,

GIVE me leave to tell you, that your coachman *Billy*, gets so *tipsy*, and drives such *miserable* and *vicious hacks* in this town, that the *Royal George* is in danger of being *overset*. A calamity which all honest men would deeply lament. His *drag chain* is so badly *tempered*, it must soon break—and he can't get any *Bar Iron* here